

say he, "is a part of my history, and I should be able to see the earliest and most cherished scenes of my life as I suppressed or hesitated to recall them, although it may be characterized as irrational by the wise and ridiculed by the scoffers. From my earliest recollections of serious matters I date the entertainment of something like an ineffaceable conviction that slavery would not always be able to hold me within its foul embrace; and this conviction, like a word of living faith, strengthened me through the darkest trials of my lot. This good spirit was from God, and to Him I offer thanksgiving and praise."

During the first part of his Baltimore life he was treated with comparative kindness, his external condition was comfortable, and after many difficulties he succeeded in learning the art and mystery of reading and writing. At length knowledge brought discontent. He was no longer the same light-hearted, gleesome boy, full of mirth and play, as when he first landed at Baltimore. He often wished himself a beast or a bird rather than a slave. He became wretched and gloomy beyond description. He was too thoughtful to be happy, and soon the burden of bondage became intolerable to his spirit. After many vicissitudes, including change of master and of residence, which are here related with thrilling effect, Douglass determines to make a bold push for freedom. His first attempt was not successful. At a subsequent period he accomplished his purpose, and after overcoming incredible difficulties, makes his way to the Free States. This was in the year 1838. A full account is given of his first experience as a free man, and the successive steps by which he has reached his present distinguished position. Although the volume naturally declines in interest after the escape of the author from the house of bondage, it cannot fail to be read with avidity as one of the most striking illustrations of American Slavery which either fact or fiction has presented to the public. It abounds in scenes of breathless excitement, often curling the blood with horror, and revealing the miseries of servile life with an intense vividness scarcely surpassed by the most impressive descriptions of recent popular romance.

SHADOWS OF OUR SOCIAL SYSTEM.

VIII.—THE NEW-YORK MAN HUNT.

One hot day, after a long walk, I went into a shop on one of our most prosperous business streets. It was good to sit a moment, and not uninteresting to glance at the striking tableaux which were just then being enacted for the benefit of no man in particular. A tall clerk was bending very adroitly over a pretty little lady with a fair-like face, and, softly caressing the delicate, exquisite little gaiter with his white, taper fingers, was enthusiastically pronouncing it "a delightful fit." The pretty little lady shook back her curls and seemed smilingly to acquiesce in his decision. A beautiful child stood with her great blue eyes looking on in a pleased wonder; and another lady, languidly extending a pair of shoes to another tall clerk, whose white hand was stretched out to receive it, very languidly saying to him—"Show me 'some number five, please.'"

Suddenly everybody started. The shoe-merchant caught his goods rather hastily from his fair customer, and his familiar stood erect, actually turning his back upon the pretty lady with the adorably petite foot, as both gentlemen rushed to the door. Both ladies looked bewildered, and the little girl bounded to the window.

"It is only a chase after a drunken man," said one of the gentlemen, turning back, in explanation. A ragged, painted man came rushing past, and at his heels a rabble pushed on with tormenting gibes and laughter. Away they all swept—a sudden, exciting chase—apparently leaving a pleasant sensation behind them; for, respectably, portly men stood looking after them with a smile, and a shrug of the eyebrows as they turned back to their occupation. Some women and children drew their heads in through an upper window, chatting jokingly with each other upon the late occurrence; and the tall clerk came back and received the little lady's gaiters, turning them up in a soft paper with an air of bland civility.

What was the chase after this hunted victim? Was he another Sampson drawn out to make sport for those goddesses Philistines? Alas! he too was born of his strength. The nobility of his manhood had been de-throned, and now in his mental, moral and physical weakness this idiotic wreck of humanity was to be exasperated into madness for the street amusement of the public. His haggard face and wild eye drew no tears, no sympathy from his tormentors. Poor wretch! I pitied him and despised him. This was not slave-holders hunting a fugitive because he is their money; it was freemen hunting a brother and robbing him of the fatal boon for which he had bartered his all—robbery him of the good feeling, the brutal enjoyment, which is the drunkard's only equivalent for his lost manhood. The wretch, too, had doubtless been intoxicated for this was just before the Prohibitory Law was to take effect. May the Mayor and the public grant that we have no more street scenes of a like character for the amusement of the lawless rabble, the education of the white-handed goliath of ladies' feet, or for the education of sweet little girls like that beautiful child who looked so thoughtfully and dreamily upon the scene as it rolled past in all its inhuman details.

ANTONETTE L. BROWN.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.—No. 11.

There are but few who can contemplate the silent recesses of Greenwood without instinctive awe and admiration. To this spot clings the affection of thousands of desolate and lonely hearts; while it is linked the sad and unavailing regrets of dearest associations, passionate memories, plaintive thoughts, and celestial hopes. Here may humanity learn a profound lesson from the voiceless teachings of the tomb. In the contemplation of this holy ground the soul is insensibly calmed and strengthened; and it goes forth from the quiet shades of death to the noisy actualities of life more fully prepared to meet those trials and adversities which are consequent upon existence. Beautiful is the term Cemetery, applied by the poetical ancients to the burial-ground; and when wandering through the secluded paths of our own Greenwood, experiencing its solemn silence, its records, flowers, and loveliness, the soul acknowledges its influence in the remembrance that this is a "place to sleep."

MONUMENTS AND GRAVES.

The truth that death levels all distinctions is everywhere evident; there is no Fifth-av. for the dead. Around us on every side we behold the gorgeous mausoleums erected by vain-glory to commemorate a fancied greatness; but scattered among them are the humbler resting-places of the poor—nameless and unmarked in many instances—affording a strange and indescribable contrast. There is no exclusiveness in the Cemetery. In the shadows of the willow and the larch the millionaire and the laborer sleep side by side, undivided by social barriers, unconscious of all conventional distinctions. And in contemplating these works of mortality, we will endeavor to assimilate with the spirit of the scene, and disregard those rules of order which would seem to give precedence to certain incomes and localities.

Entering by the old gate, the primitive simplicity of which is in much better taste than the stiff, unpicturesque structure which faces the new entrance, we pass the receiving tomb on the left, and enter upon Willow-av. This path is one of the most beautiful in the inclosure, leading over hill and dale by the lake-side, and through leafy depths where the sunshine rarely penetrates. The spruce, larch, willow, and pine flourish in luxuriance in this part of the Cemetery, and their shadows invest the scene with an air of solemnity and gloom that is almost oppressive. Around us are innumerable monuments in every conceivable style, of marble, granite, sandstone, the dark Staten Island stone, and the brown freestone of New-Jersey and Virginia. Obelisks, pyramids, a stars, copied obelisks, with many specimens of the absurd frustum, constitute a heterogeneous collection less remarkable for its beauty than the variety of its details. Passing into Central-av., we observe the aristocratic monument of Crawford Livingston, which in its cold grandeur appears to spurn all sympathy, and appeals only to the admiration of the passer by. Upon one side is a sunken panel containing a Greek cross and ring; and on the other a wreath surmounting the family arms with its crest, a galley, and helmeted head—and its motto, *spere meliora*—"I hope for better things."

Passing Fern Hill to Bay Grove, we observe numerous eccentric specimens of architecture in the shape of tombs, which would be ridiculous but for the memories they commemorate. At length we arrive opposite a bronze statue of colossal size, in memory of that man of equally colossal mind, Dr. Witt Clinton. This work was cast in Ames's celebrated foundry near Springfield, Mass., and is the production of Henry K. Brown. But the best monuments of this great man are found in his own works, and by those who will be remembered when even this statue shall have fallen before the encroachment of time. Numerous commonplace sarcophagi intervene between this portion of Bay Grove and that junction of the Tour and Greenough-av. which is occupied by the monument of the young French girl Charlotte Canda.

The celebrity which this mausoleum has attained is perhaps as much a consequence of the sad accident by which one so young and accomplished was deprived of life as of the ornate and somewhat showy style of its architecture. The idea of this monument was conceived and sketched by Miss Canda herself. It is erected upon an oblong, octagonal platform. Of the two niches the outer and larger one is formed of panels, which contain symbolic ornaments fleur-de-lis, and escutcheons bearing the cipher "C. C." There is a figure, which is about the size of life, and is a tolerable likeness of Miss Canda. It is intended to represent her at the moment when, sinking beneath her own weight, she is about to expire. She is surrounded by clouds, above which is placed a star, the symbol of immortality. The external arch resting on the columns is occupied by two rows of lesser arches, which, as well as their pendentives, are adorned with roses and ivy leaves. At the apex of the arch is an escutcheon which forms the base of a cross, from the center of which drops a rosebud surrounded by rays and stars. The centerpiece is terminated by small Gothic pillars, the details forming a pyramidal outline. On each side of the exterior niche rise two buttresses to the height of seventeen feet above the granite sylvate. They are placed diagonally, and constitute the principal supports of the monument. In front of the statue and immediately above the vault is a space surrounded by a balustrade, forming a sort of *parvis* or porch. In the middle of this space is placed a monumental slab—an urn partly covered with crape and cyprus stands at its head. At the base of this urn are seen books, instruments of music and of painting, and a crown of roses. On the outside of the balustrade are six small Gothic niches, with pilasters at their extremities. Each of them contains an urn-shaped vase similar to those which terminate the pinnacles of the buttresses. In the middle of each of the two large lateral panels is seen, resting upon rising clouds, a winged escutcheon containing the cyprus crowned with garlands of roses and ivy. The rest of the panel is filled with fleur-de-lis, as emblematic of her French descent. Above the clouds is seen a butterfly with extended wings—emblem of the departing soul in its upward flight. On the summit of the balustrade, in front, censors are placed. The statue in the niche is from the chisel of Leiznitz. The figures of the angels were executed in Italy. The rest of the work, with all its minute and beautiful detail, is of home production.

Signor Felix Foresti, who was Miss Canda's instructor in the Italian language, and thus conceived for her a sincere friendship, gave utterance to his emotion in a short poem, which we subjoin a paraphrastic translation by W. N. Cleveland:

TO CHARLOTTE.
SINCE thou'rt a spirit, dearest now,
Since clothed in mist in partful clay,
Thou'rt lost high mid purgatory,
Thy sweet and radiant light
Thy beauty, goodness, how you pass away!
Sigh to some fairer world than this—
Thou'lt find the way—Oh, teach us how.
To that bright star, whose gentle ray
Comes down so cheer our humble bowers—
To that best orb, whose sphere bounds
Forever on the suff'ring land.
Fain would this soul-felt tribute raise,
From one who can forget thee never,
Who lingers yet on earth's sad shore,
Will weep thee in his heart forever.

Following the Tour, our attention is arrested by a strange rough pillar, which, in its rude simplicity, might be taken for the solitary relic of some Druidical circle. A sunken panel on the western side contains a bust in relief. The coarse and striated structure of the stone gives to this a peculiar aspect, not out of keeping with the antique-looking pile. This, as we are informed by the superscription, is the tomb of the Richardson family.

Some distance further, on the Tour, is an eminence overlooking the bay, and from which an excellent view of the surrounding country may be obtained. This is known as Battle Hill, and here lie interred the mortal remains of Baxter, Barclay, Pearson, Chandler, Gallagher, Kleiner and Forbes, all of whom perished in the volunteer service of the United States in Mexico. It may be remembered that on the 12th of July, 1848, the bodies of these brave men were conveyed through the principal streets of New York, accompanied by an immense procession, and with all the affecting and solemn pomp which military usage impart to such occasions. The coffins being at length placed in front of the City Hall, the vast assemblage was addressed by Mr. John Van Buren; and on the following day their remains were interred with solemn ceremony in the spot where they now lie.

The next object of interest on this route is the Pilot's monument. This structure, as the epitaph informs us, was reared by the New York Pilots to the memory of a brave and generous comrade, Thomas Freeborn. Mr. Freeborn perished on the 14th of February, 1846, by the wreck of the John Minerva, which he had undertaken to conduct into port. She was driven by a gale on the Jersey shore. Though the ship was within sight and half of a sympathizing multitude, so violent were the storm and surf that no effectual relief could be rendered. Chilled to death by the wet and cold, nearly all on board perished before the vessel went to pieces. There were female passengers on board, who, in this hour of mortal extremity, clung with vain hope round the hardy pilot—now, alas! almost as powerless as themselves. With generous kindness he took off a part of his own garments to shelter them. But the winter storm, the sleet and freezing spray proved too strong even for the staunch sailor, injured from boyhood to every hardship. Standing as it does, upon one of the highest points in the Cemetery, this monument is a very conspicuous object, and for a considerable distance is in full view of vessels as they move up and down the bay. The monument may be considered as resulting from a combination of ideas, most of which are naval. From a massive base rises a square sarcophagus. Upon this rests a ship's cabin, but the cabin which is coiled about it is severed. The pillar, which rises from the cabin, may be regarded as a mutilated mast. On the summit stands Hope, still retaining her anchor, and pointing heavenward. This statue is well executed, but is placed too high to be seen to good advantage. On the front of the sarcophagus a sea-storm and shipwreck are represented in relief.

RECORDS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

Feeling that we have extended our walk sufficiently

for the day, we return to retrace our steps, and take cognizance of such details as we have overlooked in our survey. In a shadowy recess, the form of a woman kneeling in prayer attracts our attention. So rept in her holy occupation is she that our footsteps in passing do not disturb her. But it is evidently not alone in prayerful meditation that she thus bends to the earth until her veil sweeps the grass. The hovering bosom, and low, sobbing murmurs which are faintly heard, convince us that there is an intense anguish mingled with those religious duties; and it is a small mound over which she thus bends—a little heap of new earth, surmounted by a plain wooden cross, bearing the simple inscription:

OUR LITTLE CHARLIE.

She is a mother, then, mourning the loss of her child! A mother praying beside her infant's grave—that infant lay an angel among the blessed. What monument could equal the touching details of this picture? What triumph of architectural skill could thus successfully appeal to the best feelings of humanity, in the sorrow which intensifies and refines? We move away as noiselessly as possible, that we may not disturb the mourner; and there recurs to us that beautiful superstition of the ancient Greeks, which gave consolation to parent's heart, in the assurance that "the child did not die as the aged die, for that Aurora 'had stolen it to her embrace—Aurora, who loved 'the little children.'"

On every side we are surrounded by the graves of children, each one of which has its own little record and its own brief story. Many of these mounds are covered with childish toys and souvenirs—the favorite cup, the doll, the rattle, and the numerous trifles which constitute the sum of childish amusement. A glass case is sometimes used to enshrine those relics, but in most cases they are strewn carelessly upon the turf, among the bright flowers which are tenderly reared to commemorate the brighter loveliness of the departed.

LITTLE BOBBY'S GRAVE.

He died in infancy, but his love has given, And though the casket now is closed, The gem is sparkling now in heaven.

OUR LITTLE PHILIP.

EDDIE.

OUR GEORGE.

How many hopes lie buried here.

HERE SLEEPS MY BROTHER CHARLIE.

LITTLE ROBBY.

God in his mercy has released him, The precious boon his love has given, And though the casket now is closed, The gem is sparkling now in heaven.

ROSALIE.

We have copied these simple records as specimens of a numerous and deeply affecting class, which cannot fail to impress even the most careless visitor with sympathetic sadness. And although in many instances there is something of coarseness in the phraseology and a want of education displayed in the construction, yet there is that element in all of them which appeals to the truest sentiments of our nature; reminding us of that pure and holy One who said: "Suffer 'little children to come unto me.'"

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

TUESDAY, Aug. 14.—JACOB O. BARKER, President, in the chair and a quorum present. City Chamberlain.—A message was received from Mayor Robert Kelly, Esq., in place of P. W. Edmonds, resigned. Confirmed by a unanimous vote. The Liability of the City for damages from Piers being out of order.—The Counsel to the Corporation in answer to the resolution as to "whether the City is liable for damages sustained in consequence of the Piers being out of order, in cases where the Piers are under lease, with a provision that the parties under lease shall do all necessary repairs," reported as follows:

"The identical question stated in the resolution arose in the case of Richard Taylor vs. the Mayor, &c., tried in Marine Court before Judge McCarthy in February last, in which judgment was rendered against the City. An appeal was immediately taken to the Court of Common Pleas, and the case was fully argued before the Judges of that Court, whose decision is expected to be rendered about the 1st of October next. I have entire confidence that the judgment will be reversed. The pier of the City is the private property of the Corporation, and is distinguished from public property in the streets and highways. In regard to the latter owning them as trustees for the public use, they could not lease or dispose of them, and are bound to keep them in repair. In regard to the piers, they hold them not only as their own property from which they derive income and profit, but are bound by the amended charter of 1853 to lease them at public auction to the highest bidder. Their obligation to keep them in repair, therefore, is no other than the obligation of private owners in regard to their private property which is simply that, during its lease it remains in their possession and under their control they are liable to damages for injuries arising from want of repairs. The liability to damages depends not upon the ownership, but upon the possession of the property, and hence the tenant, and not the landlord of property under lease is the person who is liable in such cases." This was ordered to be printed.

COMMISSIONERS OF EMIGRATION.

Yesterday afternoon was set apart by this Board for the election of Assistant Surgeons and Physicians for the Medical Department of Ward's Island, but owing to the sickness of one of the Commissioners, and several others being out of town, a quorum did not meet, and the business was postponed to this afternoon.

BROOKLYN BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

At a meeting of the Board yesterday, the President, A. P. STANTON, announced the Standing Committees for the ensuing year as follows: On Accounts of Superintendent of Poor—Caldwell, Heaton and Ryder. On Accounts of County Treasurer—Woodworth, Middleton and Farrell. On United States Deposit Fund—Stryker, Lindsay and Farrell. On Equalization of Assessment—Hollen, Jewell, Noles, Denise and Threlkeld. On Assessments—Radford and Bennett. On Alms—Hansen, Rogers and Givens. On Alms—Hansen, Rogers, Ryder and Givens. On General Taxes—Lindsay, Bygart and Schoonmaker. On Laws and Application to the Legislature—Fulton, Bradford and Bennett. On Solicitors—Heaton, Hansen and Nelson. On Courts—Middleton, Fulton and Caldwell. On Charities—Hollen, Heaton and Schoonmaker. On the City—Bennett, Farrell and Middleton. On Motion of Sup. BENJAMIN the latest Grand Jurors of the different wards and towns were read and approved, and the Clerk of the Board directed to file the list in the County Clerk's Office.

POLICE COURTS.

AT THE TOMBS.

The individuals arrested during Monday night, most of whom have been for years cast-iron candidates for Blackwell's Island, were astonished yesterday to observe a new judicial officer who was to pass upon their cases. Justice Anderson, who presides over one of the subordinate Civil Courts of the City, acted in place of Justices Connolly and Welch, both of whom are absent. The prisoners smiled when the Judge announced their names. They were remarkably sober in their demeanour, and to secure leniency they all went to the head of the judicial bellows at the Tombs. But it was no go. They received their usual deserts and were sent below. Justice Anderson seemed to understand the ropes perfectly.

The proceedings yesterday presented the usual features—a little fun and humor, but no excitement, and no real conflict were the offenses charged in most of the cases, and which were disposed of by fines and imprisonment, varying from ten days to six months. The only case of unusual interest was one involving the identification of three individuals named John Smith, who had been arrested on a charge of stealing. We subjoin a sketch of the proceedings in the case of

THE THREE JOHN SMITHS.

The Judge called out the name of John Smith. "Here" was the reply of three individuals who approached the bar with their heads bowed. One of the three was a young man of about twenty-two years of age, neatly but rather shabbily dressed. He was wearing a blue frock coat, a white shirt and a blue necktie. He was looking at the Judge with a nervous expression. The other two were older men, one of whom was a black man, and the other a white man. They were both looking at the Judge with a nervous expression.

But another charge was read, and the three were again called upon to answer. The black man was the first to answer, and he was charged with stealing a watch. He was looking at the Judge with a nervous expression.

The Court—Which of you is John Smith?

No. 1—John Smith.

No. 2—John Smith.

No. 3—John Smith.

The Judge then called the name of the persons who were put down as witnesses. Against the first was the name of Officer Knabbe; against the second Officer Gress; and against the third a gentleman named Fleming, who was a friend of the first John Smith.

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